

THEY OWE TEN MILLIONS

Enormous Aggregate of Grants & Ward's Liabilities

Young Ward's Transactions Said to Have Made Him Criminally Liable

Fred Grant Out of Money and Looking
Anxiously for a Job

NEW YORK, May 9.—As the examination the affairs of Grant & Ward and the wrecked Marine bank progresses their condition grows

generally believed that the concern's gross liabilities will reach nearly \$10,000,000, while some believe the sum will exceed these figures, and that when the full details of the transaction

made known it will be shown that the failure will be even greater than that of J. Cooke in 1873. There is now little room for doubt that General Grant's fortune has been almost entirely swept away. It is stated on

away all her right and title to their property
this city and Long Branch, in order to pay a loan
recently made to the general by Mr. Vanderbilt
but the latter refused to accept such a sacrifice

Garrison, de Honores and other well-known people are more largely involved than has been reported. A friend of Ward said today there is no doubt the collapse of the firm was due to Ward's individual speculation which began in

The speaker said that it would be found in time that millions put into the firm by others were lost through these speculations.

Ward was treasurer, and Mr. Fish also had large interests in the Casino. Mr. Morris, the assignee of President Fish of the Marine bank, who had spoken to in regard to the affairs of the institution, declined to say anything relative to his work. It was then that he was let in, and he told me, again and again, that he was not a gambler, and that he was not a gambler, and that he was not a gambler.

Mr. McNamee, the assignee of Colonel Grant and Jesse Grant, said he would be unable to furnish information to the public until the affairs of Grant & Ward were straightened out.

Monday. The several companies who intrust large amounts of securities in the hands of Grant & Ward, which were rehypothecated, were told

An officer of the First National Bank said this evening that no legal steps had yet been taken to recover the \$215,000 which Ward drew again from the institution on worthless checks on Monday.

"that Ward has rendered himself criminally liable in this instance, as he has in other transactions which have come to light," He was silent when asked if the bank would institute criminal proceedings against Ward.

Fish at any moment. In fact, I am surprised that they have not already been arrested. President Fish is a government official according to the national banking law. Baldwin of the New York bank was sent to State prison for speculating with the public money. I suppose the same will be done with the other banks.

General sympathy is expressed for ex-President Grant and his sons in their misfortune, and surprise is expressed that they should have been blind as to entrust their all to a young and clear

general's friends are quietly raising a fund with which to place him again on his feet. George Childs of Philadelphia is said to have wired Mr. Gould to put him down in \$25,000. Friends of the general say that he is co-

GLOBE reporter inquired of Fred Gram, as to father's health. He replied that he had not seen him today, but he was undoubtedly ill. Continuing, he said: "I know no further particulars of the firm's affairs. I have lost everything by the failure, and am looking about for employment."

evening: "General Grant's fund of \$250,000 invested in Toledo & Wabash second mortgage bonds, interest payable quarterly. Hitherto we have paid the interest annually the 1st of May of each year, and the general's annual fund was \$15,140."

we shall pay him quarterly, not only because he needs the money, but because we do not mean that any one else shall lay hands on it. General Grant could not touch a dollar of the principal if he desired to do so, any more than I can. He can pull it, however, at his death to his heirs.

Pierrepont street, Brooklyn, was attached to, and taken possession of by the sheriff, Mr. Ward, after having her personal effects packed and instructing her servants where to bring them, entered a carriage, carrying her four-weeks-old baby.

It is said that two detectives attempted to arrest Ward as he was leaving his residence this morning, but, having lost the warrant of arrest, were unable to make him accompany them. The Marine bank has begun suit against Ferdinand Ward.

They Kept Him Posted.
ROCHESTER, May 9.—Freeman Clarke of the city, ex-United States comptroller and uncle

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

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Mention this paper. **BOSTON, MASS.**

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1884.

(SEE PAGE 7.)

THE WOMAN OF WAX;

OR,

THE MEMOIRS OF A DETECTIVE.

begins this week. It is written by Rene de Fout Jest, who has taken the place long occupied by Cabotian as the most popular author of detective stories. His work, "No. 13 Rue Marlot," was published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and had a large sale. William Dow, the hero of the latter story, and whom no reader can ever forget, reappears in "The Woman of Wax" with his wonderful detective skill.

WORK FOR VICTORY.

All, whatever be the name of their party in the past—Democratic, Republican, Anti-Monopoly, Labor Reform, Revenue Reform or Greenback—who desire to overthrow the Republican leaders, are invited to rally around THE GLOBE, which will be the strongest advocate of the rights of the people, and do all it can to elect a people's President. It is the people who rule.

See that every house in your town reads THE WEEKLY GLOBE regularly during this campaign; let each subscriber get as many new subscribers as he can, and count each one a new voter gained on the people's side.

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Every soldier in the country will be interested in reading General BUTLER's views, given in another column, on the pension question.

"We'll send him back in a freight car," said JAY GORDON in 1876, just after it was announced that JIM KERRY had started from San Francisco in a palace car with \$5,000,000.

The improbable story comes from New York that the Marine Bank allowed GRANT and WARD to overdraw their account \$600,000! The capital was \$400,000, and the surplus \$200,000. The overdraft was a pretty clean sweep.

A good idea of the progress of THE GLOBE is shown by the fact that six years ago last Sunday the circulation of THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE was 17,880, one year ago on the same date it was 46,000, while last Sunday the sales were 73,650.

General BUTLER's enthusiastic public reception at Lewiston the other day shows what a strong hold he has upon the people. He went there to quietly attend to a law case, but he had a spontaneous and hearty ovation from hundreds of people.

New Jersey farmers have begun harvesting the black snipe crop, and three farms are reported as having yielded already 144 snakes, with a total measurement of over one-eighth of a mile. Jersey applejack is made in the fall and gets in its fancy work along in the spring.

"General GRANT has lost every dollar he had in the world," sorrowfully exclaimed Mr. GEORGE JONES of the Times, adding, for truth's sake, "except \$250,000 in railroad securities which yield an income of \$15,100 per annum." Mr. JONES thinks something should be done for GRANT.

The collision between the Florida and a sailing vessel appears to have been the result of negligence that was nothing less than criminal. Some of the survivors declare that the bark was in sight half an hour before the collision, and that the officers of the steamer made no effort to keep out of her track.

FITZ JOHN PORTER's friends have got hold of the bill for his relief and propose to hold it until after the Republican Convention, fearing that the President would veto it for the sake of making political capital if it should get into his hands now. They have a pretty poor opinion of the President, evidently.

The journals which have been in the habit of attributing to "Anglomaniacs" any criticisms on the failure of the British government to relieve the Sudan garrisons have declared that GORDON is all right, may be interested in GORDON's despatch to Sir EVELYN BARRING, in which he says: "I shall hold on here as long as I can. If I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so; otherwise I shall retire to the equator and leave you the terrible disease of abandoning the caravans of

Sennar, Kasala, Herber and Dongola, with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the MARDI under great difficulties if you would retain peace in Egypt."

ARE MEN WISER THAN WOMEN?

The bursting of the Wall street bubble, that was filled with nothing more substantial than the name of GRANT, is the financial sensation of the hour. As the truth about the business methods of GRANT & WARD comes out, the wonder grows that the firm ever managed to keep its bubble dancing before the eyes of Wall street for twenty-four hours.

The following explanation of the financial transactions of these brilliant financiers will be found instructive and interesting.

For two years or more the active members of the firm—that is, all the members except General GRANT—were in various occupations and professions, and many of them had been employed by and for capitalists and investors a scheme for making quick, sure and handsome profits. In some cases it was represented that the firm was interested in extensive government contracts; in others, that it was on the inside in some railroad enterprise, and in others it was simply stated that the enterprise was one the exact nature of which could not be divulged. But in no instance was heard of the precise character of the undertaking taken to the person approached. The firm desired money to carry on or fulfill the contracts and enterprises in question, and, moreover, wished their friends to share in the profits.

As security for the amounts advanced upon these schemes, the firm gave either its notes, some of them indorsed by General GRANT, some by Mr. FISH, or in very many instances simply the firm's receipt. Upon many occasions the firm agreed to pay, and did pay interest, or what purported to be a share of the profits, at the rate of from 2 to 5 per cent. for the use of the money thirty days. The higher rate was, according to all accounts, most generally paid.

The offers proved tempting to many, and retired merchants, professional men, and a few bank officers, were engaged in active business, accepted the risk. The payments of interest were promptly made, and then renewals were in order. In no case that can be learned of has avarice objected to a repetition or continuation of the transaction. A gentleman of high standing and yesterday the number and character of the persons who had been unable to resist the tempting offers of the firm and the amounts of money that were invested were astonishing. No one knew anything about the contracts; everybody simply took the word of the firm for the fact that there were contracts. Personal possession of the means was not sound business, and that there was something wrong in the transaction. The name of General GRANT seemed to be a sufficient guarantee to every one, and the enormous profits seemed to surround the whole transaction with a halo of gold.

There is a peculiar flavor of familiarity about this tale. It seems to us that we have heard the same kind of a story before. Vague representations of mysterious but enormously profitable investments; alluring promises of high rates of interest; insidious interest paid out of the capital; lenders blinded by avarice to the preposterous nature of the whole scheme—all these details have a familiar appearance.

Perhaps there is something of the kind in the "Arabian Nights." Very likely; it certainly reads like the product of a luxurious oriental imagination. Let us reflect, however.

After mature and intense deliberation for the space of four seconds, the curtain of memory rises and a striking picture of Mrs. HOWE and the Woman's Bank presents itself, framed with able editorials from influential journals on the subject of "Woman's Inequality for Doing Business."

Esteemed brethren of the press, let us search such scriptures as we have on file and draw the blue pencil of oblivion through our vain boasts of the superiority of the masculine business intellect. But by way of disciplinary mortification of the spirit, let us first afflict ourselves and the public with a brief synopsis of our remarks before crossing them out—at least such of us as may happen to be honest enough to own up or forethoughtful enough to anticipate exposure.

If we recollect truly, the tone of contemporary comment on the failure of Mrs. HOWE's great scheme ran something like this:

"The surprising developments concerning the collapsed bank only serve to prove that the feminine mind is unequal to the demands made upon it when it attempts to deal with the complicated subject of finance. It would seem that the very fact that the bank paid interest at the rate of 50 per cent. a year ought to have satisfied any one possessing average sense that the concern was a swindle. But the bait was tempting, and women rushed in hundreds to deposit their money in the concern, and so long as they got their interest it never occurred to them to inquire where the money to pay the interest came from. It seemed perfectly natural to them that Mr. HOWE should be able to produce the money, by simply taking it into the bank, and probably most of them never took the trouble to ascertain how money is usually invested by banks, but regarded an office with counters, desks and vaults as a sort of alchemist's laboratory, where gold acquires the property of growing like potatoes. Of course these deluded devotees are entitled to sympathy, but their ignorance has its ludicrous side," etc., etc.

How would the above remarks apply to the "retired merchants," "professional men," "bank officers," and "persons engaged in active business" who loaned their money to GRANT & WARD at 5 per cent. a month without security? It strikes us that avarice, the desire to get something for nothing, is about as potent in the superior mind of man as in the insignificant thinking apparatus of the emotional sex. Bait a hook with usury, and ten to one you catch a financier before your foolish woman can make up her inferior mind to exercise her business incapacities by nibbling at the bait.

In conclusion, esteemed brethren, let us withhold our sympathy from the brilliant financiers of Wall street and leave the collapse of GRANT & WARD to teach whatever lesson the minds of men may be capable of understanding. And nevermore let us quote approvingly the ill-advised remark of that youthful cynic, little Johnny, that "girls is the same as boys, only long hair and no sense."

One of the funniest mistakes of the types occurred the other day in the Cleveland Leader. It was in a review of a performance of "Gloria-Gloria" by the Boston Ideas. One of the characters in the opera is DON BOLEDO. But the esteemed proof-reader on the Leader, perhaps wrestling with some unusually mysterious copy, chose to let the name appear in print as DAN BOLEN. Evidently the proof-reader, knowing that the Ideas sang in English opera, determined in his mind that DAN BOLEN was a good deal more consistent with the verbiage than the Spanish cognomen. There was a worse error than this, however, on the play bill of an ADELAIDE NELSON's last performance in this city. The drama was "Romeo and Juliet." In the cast of characters, as printed, appeared a mysterious personage, who was not accounted for in any accessible acting edition of SHAKESPEARE. He was called DALGETO DANTIS. Many were the con-

jectures ventured as to the real character thus disguised. One hardened theatre habitue gave it as his opinion that NELSON had introduced DAVID DALGETO into her version of "Romeo and Juliet" just for variety. At last the mystery was solved. DALGETO DANTIS was found to be merely a compositor's perversion, respectful or otherwise, of that minor character in the tragedy. Page to Paris.

THE WRECK OF THE FLORIDA.

There are several things connected with the loss of the Florida which demand more than casual notice. When the loss was first reported, the public was informed that the dynamiters had blown up the ship, some smart English detective having invented that ingenious theory, and the English papers forthwith set up their customary howl about "fendish outrages" and demanded the immediate application of lynch law to blather-skite ROSSA and the other suspects. Had the Florida and the bark sunk with all on board, the alleged dynamiters would have been held responsible, and the American government everlastingly disgraced for harboring such miscreants, all on account of some Scotland yard smart Aleck's unguessable imagination. Hereafter no attention should be paid to the assertion of these dynamite discoverers unless supported by incontrovertible proof.

Another and more important point in this affair is the conduct of the captain of the City of Rome. By his own admission it appears that he not only made no response to the signals of a sailing vessel which had picked up a portion of the Florida's passengers and crew, but refrained from reporting the fact that he had encountered such a vessel and seen such signals until the news of the loss of the Florida came from another source. The only conclusion to be drawn from these facts is that the captain of the City of Rome was more interested in racing across the ocean than in performing his duty to his fellow-men. He did not know but what survivors of the wreck might be drifting about in boats, and he did not stop to find out. He did not even slacken his speed to ascertain what the sailing vessel was signaling about, and for all he knew she was appealing for assistance or asking him to keep a lookout for the castaways. Had the Florida's boats been drifting about with shipwrecked people on board at that time, the captain of the City of Rome would have been directly responsible for their subsequent loss. In the absence of any satisfactory explanation, his conduct appears simply inhuman, and it is to be regretted that no punishment can be inflicted upon him. Had the officers of the Glaucus been adequately punished for their conduct in passing the wreck of the Columbus except might have had a salutary effect upon the captain of the City of Rome and induced him to pay some attention to signals. It seems to be about time to revise the navigation laws and make it a crime for a sea captain to pass a wreck without searching it for survivors or to fail to respond to signals from another vessel on the high seas.

THE MORRISON BILL.

The tariff debate in the House is at an end for the present session. The Republicans, assisted by a few misguided protectionists in the Democratic camp, have defeated the MORRISON bill and demonstrated beyond question that the Republican party will not do anything to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation under which they are staggering. When the Republicans had a majority in Congress they pretended to reduce the tariff, but their bill was the thinnest skin of a pretence and did not accomplish any reduction of the surplus.

The MORRISON bill was designed to make an actual reduction, and when brought face to face with the issue the Republicans were forced to throw off the mask and oppose tariff reform openly. They have fought the bill from the beginning because it would reduce the surplus in the treasury and abolish the corruption fund.

The Democrats have shown an honest desire to reform the tariff and have made a good fight. The responsibility for failure does not rest upon them.

It was a foregone conclusion that the bill would be killed by the Republicans in the Senate, even if it should pass the House, and for that reason the fate of the bill in the House is not of so much importance as it would have been had there been the ghost of a show of its getting through the Senate and the President's hands.

The contest has served, however, to define the issue between the two parties. The Republicans have placed themselves on record in opposition to revenue reform and in favor of maintaining war taxes. The Democrats, by the votes of a large majority of their representatives in the House, have taken their stand upon a reform platform.

The gentlemen in this city who have formed a league to assist in securing a tariff for revenue only will have no difficulty now in determining to which party they must look for the accomplishment of the desired reform. They will get no encouragement from the Republican party.

WHAT WE PAY FOR SHELTER.

(New York Herald.)

If the workman cannot own his cottage and the land on which it stands, the next best thing is to have possession of them at a low rental. The price of land itself is not affected directly by the tariff, being, with sunlight and air, one of the very few things that are not taxed. If there had been any possible method of "protecting" land by screwing out of the workman a part of his scanty earnings, it would doubtless have been applied long since. If the materials that enter into the construction of a house are taxed, the cost of the house will be increased, and the owner or landlord must charge a higher rent to secure a profit on his outlay. Let the following list of duties in the present tariff be examined:

	Per Cent.
Lumber.....	10
Common window glass.....	20
Lined oil.....	40
White lead.....	54
Wall paper.....	25
Cement.....	20
Slates.....	25
Latins.....	9
Shingles.....	14

It is said the tariff is imposed on behalf of the workman. Does this look like it?

Louisville society was recently thrown into a state of hysterical excitement by the action of the police judge in fining a woman \$5 for appearing on the street in a pink Mother Hubbard. The cause of his honor's violent antipathy to that particular style of garment is not positively known, but it is suspected that he is the father of two or three girls, and has received the bills for their Mother Hubbard dresses, which look very simple, but lure a man into the Insolvency Court. The Jersey Lily introduced the style in this country by displaying five Mother Hubbard toilets which cost \$250 each, and that fact sufficiently explains the

order for the suppression of the style given to the Louisville police.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAREER.

The recent financial misfortune to General GRANT adds one more to the long list of noteworthy events in that distinguished gentleman's life.

At the close of the civil war General GRANT was the most conspicuous figure in America, an object of thankfulness and admiration in the eyes of his countrymen and the military wonder of the world.

Next he advances, at the hands of a grateful people, to the highest honor in their gift, holding the office of President for eight years.

Then came the triumphal tour among the nations of the earth. Everywhere and on all sides honors were tendered him and attentions shown him which no other American has ever received before or since.

Immediately before and after this tour innumerable presents were showered upon him, the greatest being the donation of a quarter of a million of dollars, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to his pleasure and comfort throughout his life.

His return from the tour round the world was hailed by numerous speculative enterprises as a bonanza. It would be only necessary for success in almost any scheme to secure the name of General GRANT as one of its officers.

This led on to a desire in the general for more wealth and greater financial success. The remainder of the story is told in the accounts of the disastrous failure of GRANT & WARD. Had the general contented himself with letting well enough alone, all would have been well. The moral is obvious.

AMAZING CHEEK.

The cheek of some Republican papers is astounding. For instance, hear the Advertiser berate the Democrats for failing to reduce the tariff: "It is idle for the Democrats to talk of appealing from Congress to the National Convention to convince the country of their purpose and ability to reform the tariff—or to reform anything else. This is the third time within a few years that a Democratic majority in the House has demonstrated its incapacity or unwillingness to deal with the question of tax reduction. Meanwhile it has gone on proclaiming in its platforms a resolute purpose to 'relieve the people,' and do all sorts of virtuous and beautiful things. What more can it say at Chicago than it has previously said at St. Louis and Cincinnati? Actions speak louder than words, and the actions of the Democratic party show that it has neither convictions, nor courage, nor capacity when the test comes of improving the opportunity which the people have given it." This is simply paralyzing. The Republicans voted solidly not to reform the tariff and demonstrated their determination to prevent the Democrats from dealing with the question of tax reduction, and now the Republican organs coolly turn about and say that the Democrats have forfeited the confidence of the country by failing to relieve the people. Does the Advertiser think all its readers are incurable idiots?

WHAT WE PAY FOR CLOTHES.

(New York Herald.)

In order to live a man must eat, must be clothed and must have shelter. In this climate these are the necessities of life, and if their cost is made greater than is necessary it practically involves a tax upon life. Let us take some of the important articles of clothing and see how the tariff is arranged:

	Per Cent.
Clothing wools.....	26 to 73
Flannels.....	62 to 78
Hats.....	30
Leather.....	20
Gloves and mittens (cotton).....	50
Cotton.....	35
Linen.....	35

These are articles used by every man, woman and child in the country, and are necessary to their comfort. See how tenderly they are cared for by the tariff! The wonder is that such a system of taxation on the poor is allowed to remain one day.

SATAN REBUKING SIN.

Ye gods and little fishes! The news comes by way of New York that WILLIAM M. EVARTS has presided over a meeting called for the purpose of condemning fraud and corruption in public affairs!

For a refreshing piece of information this takes the prize. WILLIAM M. EVARTS protesting against fraud! Satan rebuking sin!

The man who did as much as any one else to foment his country the greatest and wickedest fraud in American history, presiding over a meeting for political reform!

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, who helped to seat HAYES and received his reward for that disgraceful act, demanding purity and uprightness in civil government! What next?

The singular fact that the anti-machine men of the Republican party worship EDMUNDS curries the New York World. EDMUNDS is a strong supporter of ARTHER, as he was of GRANT. It is an open secret that the ARTHUR leaders expect the support of EDMUNDS and all his friends before the convention reaches a decision. The anti-machine men show the usual amount of inconsistency and political idiocy in the stand they take for EDMUNDS.

The Portland Argus calls attention to the fact that the Republican papers with remarkable unanimity are speaking in terms of high praise of "Hon. WILLIAM W. EATON of Connecticut." A few years ago they all called him "old BILL EATON," questioned his honesty and denied his ability. The improvement in their manners is owing to the fact that he has joined them in their opposition to revenue reform.

As the river and harbor bill now stands, New England comes in for at least a fair proportion of the sums appropriated. Warehouse harbor gets \$5000; Woods Hole, \$25,000; Narragansett bay, \$8000; Taunton river, \$16,000; Nantucket, \$5000; Stonington, \$10,000; Newport, \$10,000; Plymouth, \$10,000; and these are among the least important of the New England works.

VANDERBILT has nothing to say to the public. The tefatity with which the public memory clings to some of his remarks disturbs him, and he says to a reporter: "The trouble with me is I have talked too much." That is the conclusion the parrot arrived at after saying "sic him" to the dog.

"There ought to be a majority in both branches of Congress that would favor a proposition to abolish the duty on sugar, and give that interest the protection it needs in the way of a bounty, in order that the consumers of that necessity may be relieved of the heaviest tax they are now com-

pelled to bear. This seems a very direct and easy way to at once reduce the revenues and at the same time confer the greatest favor upon the largest class of consumers in the country."

[Journal.] A good example of what the Republicans mean by "scientific revenue reduction," and also a good specimen of the Journal's political economy. To pay a bounty would be to levy a tax upon the whole people for the benefit of a few. A brilliant scheme for reducing taxation, indeed!

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Rowell has been made upward of \$80,000 out of the various walking matches he has entered.

A financier observes that a tax of a dollar a lie on all that will be told of candidates between now and the second week in November would pay off the national debt, if collected.

"Never to let a white man want for food so long as you have half a meal ahead," is the standing motto of the colored preachers in the West.

It cannot be denied that Congressman Morrison made a great fight in defence of his bill, but it was a foregone conclusion that the Republicans did not want any tariff reform.

"He has never done any work and wants his father to support him," said a sad-eyed mother in court concerning her son, who was charged with being drunk and disorderly. The sons are too numerous who are not early made acquainted with the value of a dollar by earning it at hard work.

Harpers' best after-dinner speeches are never spoken—they are always thought of to late, after the other guests to the table, the brilliant things he might have said instead of the dull ones he did say come to his mind to torture him.

"In the United States today no man of ability need stay at the bottom or remain poor," observes the New York Tribune. That sentiment is often known to come from a man after he has run for a political office.

A great find—A friend who will not go back on you when you need him.

Concerning the last war, the Courier-Journal pointedly remarks, "Probably no war in ancient or modern history ever did as much to enrich enterprising patriots, or ever converted as much as many gallant paupers into millionaires, enriching them not with the spoils of the conquered belligerent, but with the proceeds of home taxation."

A new vault is being placed in the treasury building at Washington that will be capable of holding \$75,000,000 of specie. Hoarders wear out their fingers in counting the hoards of the nation, and they will not forget this fact when they cast their ballots this fall.

Buffalo Express: "Papa, what is the tariff?" asked a congressman's little boy. Gazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge-seeker, and making no reply, the father replied: "My son, I cannot tell a lie. I do not know."

"What is the use of all this talk about boots or oleomargarine?" exclaimed a merchant yesterday; "not one person in 100 knows good from bad butter. Of course they think they do, and so often are willing to pay forty cents a pound for stuff that they can have for twenty-cents if they want it."

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette: A French scholar has made the curious discovery that bald-headed soldiers are the bravest. And, come to think of it, the bald heads always do go to the front in a war like a lightning bolt.

"I have an item for you," said a visitor as he slipped up to the editor: "a bank has suspended in New York, and the name of the president and that of the cashier is Fish; 'pears to me you might work up something about a shark or a whale.' The affair seemed too easily to notice.

Another furnishes these gastronomic proverbs: "Court the onion and feed the doctor. Discretion is the proper sauce for cheese. Wise counsel cometh not from an empty stomach. True economy in the household has heaven for its banker. All should profit by the aid of the cook—except the alchemist. Neither the nibbler nor the glutton knoweth the value of the feast."

Philadelphia News: This is a world of hurry, a time of hurry—all things are hurrying, and before we are aware of it we will be hurried on farther than we wish to go. A little more solid and sober thinking and less hurrying, we sometimes fancy, would be real business.

An inventor thinks he has succeeded in making solid stuff. "Will you have a bite?" may some day be a popular question.

A married man probably wrote this: Of all sad obligations hung here below the saddest are these: "I told you so."

"Give me a young doctor in preference to an old one every time," said Mr. B. to Mr. C. "Why?" "Because the young ones are anxious to make a reputation, and will study your case hard day and night. The old physicians are a hardened crowd, have made their money and are not going to fret about their reputations."

The great cooks in New York City get from \$2000 to \$4000 a year.

Charles Reed left a fortune of \$100,000. Most of it goes to his god-son, Charles Liston.

Pleasance: That candidate who is stronger than any other candidate will last. If this be so, his name is bigger than the man it is apt to get away from him, and do more harm than good, like a kite tail that is too long.

Mr. Besant holds that the first duty of a novelist is to have a story to tell, and his second to tell it without trying to be too clever in his method of narration, and without allowing himself to divert the attention of the reader by episodic matter, or to fatigue it by long descriptions, superfluous conversation or unnecessary reflections.

A scientific genius claims that he can take a man who is on the point of being paralyzed by alcoholic potations, and by the application of a trinity to neutralize the alcohol as to restore him to his senses in five minutes. This will be gratifying news to thousands of wives in Maine.

The largest book ever made at the government printing office in Washington has just been finished. It is bound in sheepskin and Russia leather, and contains 10,000 pages, and weighs 140 pounds.

Chicago News: Fifty thousand men are said to have been thrown out of employment, or to have had their wages largely reduced, in Pennsylvania last year. Yet the late convention at Harrisburg resolved that the tariff is "the guaranty of a just and adequate scale of wages and labor."

The reports of banks and other corporations always "sound" well, but that does not always prove that they are sound.

Laterally directed to steamships occur on fine moonlight nights.

It is a curious people seem determined to have a presidential candidate of their own.

Captains who will not pay any attention to signals of distress by other vessels should be imprisoned.

Graphic: A recent newspaper article states the present of a paper to the President. This would seem to indicate that St. Peter's eyesight is not as good as it used to be.

General Grant still has a fortune left. It will be a fright day when he is "broke."

A person who is evidently in a hurry writes: "Women might make more appreciable if they would not collect in bunches on the corners, or walk backwards, or stop in the middle of the sidewalk to look at other women's dresses or to bask in the windows."

Exchange: If you are poor there is one consolation. Your heirs will not go into court to prove against you an indebtedness during your childhood, or an idiot at the time of your marriage, and a glibber lawyer for years before you died.

According to the Pittsburgh Telegraph divorce is the suspension bridge that leads from spring bonnets to good girls.

Chicago Daily Tribune: The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette: In house cleaning don't forget the cellar; pestilence may be breeding in heaps of rotten vegetables and rubbish there. Give the cellar plenty of cleansing and a plenty of air and light.

The river and harbor bill is \$13,000,000 thus far. That is several millions smaller than usual, and may be reduced more before passing.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Failure of the Marine Bank and Its Cause.

The Presidential Candidates of Both Parties and Their Chances of Success.

An Uncertain Balancing of Scales in the Empire State.

New York, May 9.—The failure of the Marine Bank is due to the wild speculations of Ferdinand Ward, a clergyman's son, who gained the confidence of Mr. James D. Fish, the president of a well-established bank. Mr. Fish had never been a speculator.

Mr. Ward then drew Mr. Fish, after making a good deal of money for him, into a private banking house composed of himself (Ward) and the second son of General Grant. In time General Grant came into the firm, and after raising his interest to \$100,000, part of which is said to have been represented by the two other sons, Jesse and Fred. The Grants were poor business men, and did not know much about Ward's operations. Mr. Fish became dazzled with Ward's financial genius, and probably amenable to his superior will.

Ward was the whole firm of Grant & Ward, practically, and after he had amassed a \$1,000,000 he also became a great power in the Marine Bank. His dash and speculations and growing want of scruples, some say, finally ruined him, and he drew on the Marine Bank to stop his bill, and Mr. Fish shut it up, satisfied that he had said "no" too late.

BRIC-A-BRAC

Fresh Fragrance.
(Puck.)
on within the airy dell
Will spring wild-flowers dainty;
on w il the piazza smell

Persian Proverbs.
[Detroit Free Press.]
The man who prides himself on always speaking
his mind is the first one to kick when he finds any

Song.
[Edward J. Harding.]
O pathway for the rosy hours,

My sweetheart, smiling thro' her tears.
Sweet silken rose, that all too soon

Bravest the frown of April skies,
I know what made thee dream of June—
A sunbeam from my sweetheart's eyes.

The Charm Vanished.

She was young and had a pretty face and a
Gainsborough hat, but when she asked if an
apriary was not a place where the y kept monkey
the spell was broken and the charm vanished.

The Eternal Fitness of Things.
[New York Journal.]

Oh, how would a crazy quill do,
To give to a haecherbol bold!
To spread on his bed just over his feet
And keep out the terrible cold;

And when he fell ill, too ill to go out,
In his comfort and in his ease,
And look at the quilt and pick out the piece
That he wore long ago as a tie.

When She Could Fib.
[From the French.]

Two little girls were playing together, when on
of them suddenly called out to her mother
"Mamma, Lili has been fibbing again. Tell her
mamma, that it's very bad for a little girl to fib-
that she must wait till she grows up!"

A Story.
[Commercial Gazette.]
He loved her. She knew it. She disliked him. What then?
He asked her to marry him again and again.
She refused. He grew so angry. He left in a pet. He told her he would get the girl he had never met. She married another. She was happy. But he roamed the wide world over on land and on sea. He returned after long years. Her husband was dead.
He proposed. She accepted. And so they were wed.

It Makes Us Shudder.
[Texas Sitings.]
The vigilantes out in Arizona hanged a man the other day because he was a confirmed liar. Good graces! He was not to be sure liable to hang for lying. He was to be sure liable to hang for great many other things.

men who will be in danger.

He Doesn't Live in This City.
[John Charles.]
The model beau,
So far as I know,
Is one who neither drinks nor smokes;
He dresses neat;
His talk discreet—
Indulges not in silly jokes.

He is refined,
And not inclined
To flirt with every girl he sees;
He has but one
Under the sun,
And only her he tries to please.

Oleomargarine no Good for Anything.
[Philadelphia Call.]

What is the price of this axle grease?" asked a new clerk of a grocery dealer; "there is no mark on it!"

"It depends on your customer. If he asks for axle grease charge him fifteen cents a pound, but if he wants butter make it thirty-eight cents."

Motto for a Waste Basket.
[Austine.]

If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every tree and bush
Turned to a sheet of foolscap, every pen;
Were changed to ink, and all the earth's living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write and write and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And every green ink-bottle was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers, clustered 'round its brink,
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

Prize-Fighters and War.
[Hawkeye.]

No, my son, prize-fighters never go to knocking. They know that a caution-ball never goes to knocking. A man out in one round doesn't stop and go back to his own corner merely because the man lies down. You never hear of a prize-fighter fighting an where unless there is lots of gate-money behind the fight.

—

The Baby's Routine.
(Laura E. Richards.)

Toddle, toddle, waddle, waddle,
On her little pinky toes;
Stumble, stumble, trip, trip, tumble—
That's the way the baby goes.

Prattle, prattle, rattle, rattle,
Little shouts and little shrieks;
Tears, with laughter coming after—
That's the way the baby speaks.

Playing, toying, still baby says
"I want to know that Nanny says."

Waking, sleeping, smiling, weeping—
That's the way the baby lives.

Tommy's Composition.
[Erratic Baroque.]

"Wun time a frog and hop-toe they met, and
the frog assed the hop-toe 'cos it was clumsy
but the tode it said, 'if you come here on this flint
stone where we can start even 'il I beat you
jumpin' 'il he's best two out of three.' So they done
and the first time the tode it only just cleared the
stone, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt
itself countin' down, and cuden't jump at all, and the
hop-toe beat it the other two times."

The Fair Varquette.
[Theophile Gautier.]

"Oh, earred me then," cried the fair coquette,
"I had no end of things to say to you."

To the land and the sea, my love,
To that shore
Where love is lasting and change unknown
And a man is faithful to one alone
Evermore."

"Go seek that land for a year and a day;
At the end of the time you'll be still far away,
From me, maid,
'Tis a country unlettered in map or in chart;
'Tis a country that does not exist, sweetheart,
I'm afraid."

Took Things Easy.

[San Francisco Exchange.]

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the new chaplain the worst thief in the penitentiary. "Are you 52 years old? My unfortunate friend, you don't look 30!"

"No," replied the thief, humbly. "I don't show my age, but that is because I take things easy."

And the good chaplain told him that was right; that care and worry made men old faster than hard work.

The Hour.
[Exchange.]

The bells begin; come let us go!
Great hour! he waits for me at last
Before the altar—
A wife ere this one hour is past?

I tremble. Oh, the church, the stars,
The ritual! I would rather stand
In our own wood and wed him there
By simply giving him my hand.

But now the timid bird of love,
Long used in tender shades to plea,
Must change the quiet of his grove
For the great garish light of day.

Wife! husband! Oh, my bosom swells!
I think he loves me—nay, I know.
Sweet, sweet, oh, sweet melodious bells!
They call me, sister; let us go.

More Than He Could Manage.
[People's Paper.]

"I say," said a busy drayman to a tramp who was holding himself up with a wall, "don't y-

"Naw," said the loafer; "hain't got time."
"Haven't got time? What in the thunder are you doing?"
"Nuthin'."
"Then you ought to have time to spare, if you're doing nothing."
"That's war you'r wrong," replied the tramp.
"That's more of it than I kin 'tend to."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Fresh Fragrance.
(Puck.)
Soon within the airy dell
Will spring wild-flowers dainty;
Soon will the piazza smell

Patny.

Persian Proverbs.
[Detroit Free Press.]

The man who prides himself on always speaking
his mind is the first one to kick when he finds any
body else exercising the same privilege.

Song.
[Edward J. Harding.]

O pathway for the rosy hours,
Flung high athwart the rain-kist meares,
I know who built thy bridge of flowers—
My sweetheart, smiling thro' her tears.

Sweet silken rose, that all too soon
Bravest the frown of April skies,
I know what made thee dream of June—
A sunbeam from my sweetheart's eyes.

The Charm Vanished.

She was young and had a pretty face and a
Gainsborough hat, but when she asked if an
apriary was not a place where the y kept monkeys
the spell was broken and the charm vanished.

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[New York Journal.]
Oh, how would a crazy quilt do,
To give to a bachelor hold?
To spread on his bed just over his feet
And keep out the terrible cold;
And when he fell ill, too ill to go out,
On his comfortable bed he could lie,
And look at the quilt and pick out the piece
That he wore long ago as a tie.

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[From the French.]
Two little girls were playing together, when one
of them suddenly called out to her mother
"Mamma, Lili has been fibbing again. Tell her

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He loved her. She knew it. She disliked him. What then?

He asked her to marry him again and again. She refused. He grew angry. He left in a pet. He told her he wished that they had never met. She married another. She was happy. But he roamed the wide world over dry land and on sea. He returned after long years. Her husband was dead.

He proposed. She accepted. And so they were wed.

It Makes Us Shudder.
[Texas Siftings.]

The vigilantes out in Arizona hanged a man the other day because he was a confirmed liar. Good gracious! If it were the rule to hang liars, none of us—that is to say, there are a great many men who live in danger.

He Doesn't Live in This City.
[John Charles.]

The model beau,
So far as I know,
Is one who neither dinks nor smokes;
Indifferent to drink,
Indifferent to drink.

His talk discreet—
Indulges not in silly jokes.
He is refined,
And not inclined
To flirt with every girl he sees;
He has but one
Flake on the tongue

Under the sun,
And only here he tries to please.

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[Philadelphia Call.]
"What is the price of this axle grease?" asked
a new clerk of a grocery dealer; "there is no mark
on it."
"It depends on your customer. If he asks for
axle grease charge him fifteen cents a pound, but
if he wants butter make it thirty-eight cents."

Motto for a Waste Basket.
[Atlantic.]
If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Were but a page of some great book—

Turned to sheet of foolscap, every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write and write and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And each great inkstand were an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers, clustered 'round its brink,

Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

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[Hawkeye.]
No, my son, prize-fighters never go to war. They know that a cannon-ball bent on knocking man out in one round doesn't stop and go back to its own corner merely because the man lies down. You never hear of a prize-fighter fighting anywhere unless there is lots of gate-money behind the fight.

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That's the way the baby goes.

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Little shouts and little shrieks;
Tears, with laughter coming after—
That's the way the baby speaks.

Playing, toying, still enjoying
Every sweet that Nature gives;
Waking, sleeping, smiling, weeping—
That's the way the baby lives.

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[Erratic Enriquet.]

"'Wun time a frog and hop-tode they met, and the frog assed the hop-tode 'cos it was clums but the tode it said, 'If you come here on this fliztouse where we can start even I'll beat you jumpin' in' best two out of three.' So they tode and the frog assed, and the frog assed and the tode assed, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt itself couln' down, and couln' jump at all, and the hop-tode beat it the other two times."

The Fair — coquette.
[Theophile Gautier.]
"Oh, carry me, then," cried the fair coquette,
"To the land where weary men are journeyed yet—
To that shore
Where love is lasting and change unknown
And a man is faithful to one alone
Evermore."

"Go seek that land for a year and a day;
At the end of the time you'll be still far away,
Pretty maid.
'Tis a country unlettered in map or in chart;
'Tis a country that does not exist, sweetheart,
I'm afraid."

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[San Francisco Exchange.]

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far, ever, old?" His unfortunate friend, who don-

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And the good chaplain told him that was right; that care and worry made men old faster than hard work.

The Hour.
[Exchange.]

The bells begin; come let us go!

Great hour! he waits for me at last
Before the altar. Shall I grow
A wife ere this one hour is past?

I tremble. Oh, the church, the stare,
The ritual! I would rather stand
In our own wood and wed him there
By simply giving him my hand.

But now the timid bird of love,
Long used in tender shades to plea,
Must change the quiet of his grove
For the great garish light of day.

Wife! husband! Oh, my bosom swells!
I think he loves me—nay, I know.
Sweet, sweet, oh, sweet melodious bells!
They call me, sister; let us go.

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[People's Paper.]

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"Naw," said the loafer; "hain't got time."

"Haven't got time? What in the thunder are you doing?"

"Nuthin'."

"Then you ought to have time to spare, if you doing nothing."

"That's war you'r wrong," replied the train conductor. "That's more of it than I kin'tend to."

That's more of it than I can tell you.

